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THE

Confederate Dead

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Two Addresses.

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BY

WILLIAM C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.



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LOUISVILLE, KY.





WM. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.

—❖— A P L E A —❖—

FOR A

HISTORY * OF * THE * CONFEDERATE * WAR:

An Address

AT THE DECORATION OF THE CONFEDERATE GRAVES
IN CAVE HILL CEMETERY, LOUISVILLE,
KENTUCKY, MAY 26, 1879.

By WM. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.

LOUISVILLE:
JOHN P. MORTON & CO., PRINTERS.

1887

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

These addresses are now reprinted in this form at the request of comrades whose wishes have controlled me.

The first was delivered at the decoration of the Confederate graves in Cave Hill Cemetery, near Louisville, on May 26, 1879; the second at Hopkinsville on May 19, 1887, at the unveiling of the monument erected by JOHN C. LATHAM, jr., Esq., formerly of Hopkinsville, now of New York, in honor of the Confederate dead buried in the Cemetery near that beautiful little city.

At the unveiling of that monument addresses were delivered by Hon. JAMES BREATHITT, Rev. Dr. CHARLES F. DEEMS, and GEORGE O. THOMPSON, Esq., Mayor of Hopkinsville.

ADDRESS.

In this lovely and sacred city of the dead are buried the beautiful, the learned, the wise, and the loved. Around you on every side are holy graves in which lie until the resurrection morn the bodies of the mourned, and over which have been placed memorials of love and grief. Among these dead are men who gave honor to the great city whose spires and ascending smoke, the rising incense of profitable industry, are in our sight; men whose virtues were living epistles read of all who came in contact with them, and whose lives were fit exemplars for your children to imitate. And still more precious, scattered every where, are graves of pious mothers, idolized wives, of children whose death broke your hearts, of friends still mourned. And yet, all these honored and loved graves are passed by to-day, and this multitudinous throng of women and men, turning from grave of father and mother, of husband and wife, of child and sister and friend, of statesman, philanthropist, and sage, turning from the family group where the heart-pangs of the living can be read in the names of the dead, is gathered around these rows of mounds, and upon them have strewn fragrant flowers, and in honor of them have left home and the duties of arduous life. Why this unusual honor? Why this resounding music, these exquisite flowers, this more significant gathering? Whose graves are these to which this mournful but beautiful homage is rendered? Some stranger in our midst—another Anacharsis—a modern Herodotus, having just reached this city in his pilgrimage, turns to some grave gray-headed man bearing flowers, and asks with eager but restrained curiosity, “What is the meaning of this striking scene?” What answer will you give, middle-aged man of business and care? Or, if he should chance to ask you, fair matron, what reply would you return? What reply can we to-day return to such question, when not another but our own hearts ask it? Here, to-day, in the sight of Almighty God, whose heavens bend to catch the answer; in the midst of the graves of those we loved, whose spirits are witnesses

to this scene; in the hearing of our children, whose lives may be molded in the likeness of our reply, I lay my hand upon my heart, and lift my eyes to God, and in the name of this assemblage avow that this homage is in honor of martyrs to liberty, who died for the right, and gave their lives in defense of truth; and for the verity of this reply I confidently appeal to God and history. This is our answer to whomsoever may cavil or question; it is not our apology or defense. By the side of these graves we make neither apology nor defense.

Fourteen years, this very day, have passed since the last Confederate surrender was made; eighteen since the echo of Sumter's guns announced that war in all its horrible reality had indeed befallen our unhappy land.

Death has been busy during these years, and the actors in those four years of war are rapidly passing away, and a new generation is taking their places. The majority of those who hear me were not participants in that struggle.

The kindly powers of nature and the active industry of man are obliterating all the physical evidences of the camp, the trench, and battle-field. The golden grain, or green grass, or tangled underbrush conceal the trench behind which human hearts bled to death, or on which heroic courage won glory and wrested victory. The ravaged fields have been refenced and the burnt homestead replaced with an humble but loved roof-tree, under which wife and little ones lie down to sleep. So, too, the stern necessities and the daily duties of life have called forth and absorbed all the energies of manhood and womanhood. Houses have been rebuilt, cities re-established, railways constructed, States regained, and liberties recovered.

During these years, time and labor and necessity, the new duties, the new vocations, the new relations, have legislated, have molded, have modified until a new generation is entering into life under auspices, relations, and circumstances peculiar to this day. It is but natural that the causes and events of our war should seem to be mere matters of history, unimportant save as a romance or a study, and that this feeling will grow each day. And as it grows there may be an acquiescence in the charge that these men whose graves we honor were indeed heroic men, but were rebels and traitors, who fought to preserve human slavery; who rebelled without cause, and went to war for unholy purposes, and during that war committed grave excesses, permitted horrid cruelties; and that their defeat was necessary for humanity, liberty, and free government. Upon these graves and the

graves of all our dead and the good name of all our living has this charge been made. The ear of the world has been dinned with its clamor, and at the bar of every nation and of posterity we stand confronted with the charge. I do not come to answer it to-day, but I do come to plead that it be answered in its length and breadth, and the answer be made accurate and permanent. The only true answer is a complete and accurate history of the causes which produced the Confederate war, the events of that war, civil and military, and of its results. This history is the true monument we owe to the memory of our dead comrades, and this is the justification our children have a right to ask at our hands for their sakes.

A history will be written. We owe it to every sentiment of honor, patriotism, and gratitude that at least we furnish the materials for a true history. It may be said that I am urging that all the animosities of that war be revived; that after fourteen years of peace and common citizenship, of social life and intermarriage, I am dragging forth the skeleton of those terrible days. Nay, not so. No one has more sincerely yearned for a return of true fraternity than I, and over these lowly but precious graves I am ready to do all that a gentleman and soldier, a patriot and citizen can in honor and duty do to secure for our country and our children a true, generous, equal destiny. But truth is the only corner-stone on which peace can be built, and the truth, as it is seen by God, is that truth which I do pray to be known of those causes, events, and results. My friends, such a war can not be ignored; its lessons will be learned by mankind; its voice has reverberated through all the world; its heroes have entered into the temple of immortality, and the sole question for us to determine is, whether those lessons shall be in accordance with the truth, that voice sound the truth or a lie, those heroes receive the places to which they are justly entitled?

It is a glorious history, though a sad one. It can not be written justly as yet, but the material for it can be gathered now, and only now. Soon it will be too late; and to-day, standing by these graves, in the name of the dead, I demand of every one who participated in that war to do his and her part in this great work, and he who fails to do it will be held negligent of his duty and forgetful of his dead comrades. This history necessarily includes a complete and philosophical history of our American Liberty and Constitution, and of the causes which produced the secession of the States. And in this part of our answer to the charge brought against us at the bar of public opinion

and of posterity, every lover of liberty and every hope of freedom are interested. On this day, and in this presence, I content myself with the solemn avowal that the cause for which the South fought was that of personal liberty, State sovereignty, and national independence, and to add that liberty in a republic of States can be preserved only on the principle on which the American Union, as constituted before that war, and the Confederacy were founded; that unless those principles become dominant, centralization, which is despotism, or disintegration is absolutely certain. Our defense, therefore, is a plea for republican liberty—a defense of a union of equal States—a demonstration that man may be free under a government strong enough to protect his freedom and pure enough to command his love.

It will be a defense of our revolutionary forefathers and of the government they established, under which for three quarters of a century liberty was protected, and peace and prosperity dwelt among us. It will establish our hereditary claim to this constitutional freedom, and our fidelity alike to the teachings and to the example of our sires, and to demonstrate that the sons who fell at Manassas and in front of Richmond were equal to the sires who froze at Valley Forge and conquered at Yorktown. It will be another proof that forms of government may be a deception, and that liberty was in danger—even in temples erected to her honor and at altars where priests minister in her name.

And then, when our historian unfolds the rolls on which are written the deeds and sacrifices of those who loved constitutional liberty, this liberty regulated by law and guarded by sovereign States compacted into a great confederacy, what a touching, noble, and immortal story will entrance the world. Sad, but glorious four years! My tongue can not utter the proper requiem for the dead of those years, for the martyrs who died in defeat, for the women who gave their all to this conquered country. Have the story told in its simple and naked truthfulness, and stand silent as the world listens; tears will run down your cheeks, grief will ring your hearts, anguish may pale your faces, but never a blush will flush them. We will have no cause to hang our heads nor hide our eyes, and our heroes can stand covered in any presence. As another has said, "When written history shall truly record the struggle which ended thus, every leaf may be dripping with the tears of grief and woe, but not a page will be stained with a stigma of shame."

The military part of this story—the narrative of campaign, march,

and encampment; of battle, charge, retreat, and victory; of hair-breadth escapes; of dashing assault and sturdy resistance; of raid by night and risk by day; of splendid courage and nobler sacrifice; of uncomplaining endurance and heroic death; of the unutterable agony of hospital and prison; and all the incidents of war—will be full of glory and add bright pages to all that is told of man and his achievements. And, as we merely utter the names of our military chieftains, with Lee and the Johnstons, Jackson and the Hills, and their comrades so numerous and so knightly, we can anticipate the judgment of the world as to the courage, skill, and chivalry of those devoted armies whose graves are scattered over the entire country.

But when the more obscure story of how this Confederacy was organized, these armies were raised, clothed, armed, fed, and transported, this war protracted and civil law made dominant, and personal freedom protected, is fully told, another and exceedingly glorious wreath will be added to our crown, and we confidently predict that it will be held that all that man could do, all that was possible to be done, was well done; that the result was inevitable.

And then when to this is added some just representation of what was done and what was suffered by the women and children of the South—the industry, energy, courage, sacrifices, self-deprivations, the endurance which were shown by every one during those four years—all that matron and virgin and martyr have ever received a crown for in the ages behind us, will be found equaled, if not surpassed, by the Christ-like women of the South.

I thank God that I lived in the same generation with such women, and was an actor in the same transactions with them. To have known and lived and acted with such gives a kind of immortality. “He was at Waterloo” was a diploma of nobility. How much greater, “He was the friend of the matrons of the South.” “He was the son of her who gave her all.” I know of one matron who gave six sons and two sons-in-law—all she had; and she was but a type of all her sex. To be her son is greater honor than to be conqueror.

All that could be done, all that could be suffered, was done with the matchless power of woman’s love; suffered with the saintly demeanor of woman’s meekness.

It may be too soon yet to estimate the results of that war. But it is a necessary portion of our answer to set forth in measured but candid form the events following the surrender and dissolution of the Confederate armies, and to ascertain as best we can what were and

are the legitimate effect and results of that war; the effect on the States which formed the Confederacy, on the States which conquered that Confederacy, and on the reunited republic, and on liberty. The judgment of posterity on the wisdom of our course will in part depend on this very portion of our answer. The world has already accepted among its heroes and loved ones the chiefs of our armies and crowned with immortelles our women and private soldiers. But it suspends judgment on our civil leaders and on the justice of our cause and the necessity of our war. I have already pointed out my conception of the necessity of a full history of our American institutions and politics to a just understanding of the justice of our war, and now I desire to add that an equally full and severely just narration of what followed that war, and a wise and philosophical estimate of its results, are also due from us as a vindication for the costly treasures and desperate ventures risked by us in that great struggle. And this would be a most valuable contribution to the needs and perils of the future; for we are not the last of our race, and dangers to liberty and free government lie in wait for our children.

It is that this history be written that I plead to-day. If I know my own heart, it is the truth I desire written; no glosses, no attempt to palliate, to excuse, or to explain. Let the world and our children know the truth. We were but men, and our children will be but men. We were not saints nor angels, nor our adversaries devils. If in the midst of so great perils, with so much at stake, with such enemies at our throats, with hosts of loved ones in our care, aught was done which ought not to have been done, tell it out manfully, so that he who is innocent may not be blamed with the guilty, and so that our children, while they emulate our virtues, may avoid our errors. So, too, on the other hand, let us be careful to tell the truth of those who conquered our armies, setting down naught in malice, so that all that was manly, heroic, and generous may be remembered and cherished.

Such a history will be our best legacy to posterity; and the blood of our martyrs will indeed be the precious seed of the church. He who has striven to discover the true secret of human history is often confused with the martyrdoms that seem to be in vain. Human hearts lie thickly strewn along the pathway of time, and brutal heels stain themselves with richest blood as they stride unfeelingly to power and place. The scaffold and dungeon, the rack and stake, the battlefield and hospital, confuse the earnest student, who loves God and man, and he can not unravel the riddle why such costly sacrifices

should be in vain. The mockings and scourgings, the bonds and imprisonments, the sawings asunder, the stonings, the hidings in dens and caves, the beheadings and burnings, with which our human annals are tarnished and yet glorified, are the mysteries of God's dealing with man. But this we know, that the loftiest of mankind, the most divine of mortals, have been the martyrs, whose blood has enriched the world, and from whose graves the most precious harvest has been gathered; that the seed sown with tears will be reaped with rejoicings, and as we recall the martyrs of all the past and gaze enchanted on the long and shining host, we can lift up our hearts as our martyred dead shine in those glorified ranks. How many have we given of every age and sex and condition? *There* is a boy scarcely fifteen; see his fair hair and blue eyes; his heart was pierced as he planted the pennon of Picket's division on the heights of Gettysburg. *There*, a youth in the full vigor of young manhood; he fell as Breckinridge sullenly retreated from Shiloh. Oh! mother, was he your son? God bind up your broken heart! He waits for you on the other side of the river under the shade of the trees where Stonewall Jackson rests. And there, erect and calm, rides Sidney Johnston, whose smile death respects, and whose heart was as pure as the flowers which sprang from his blood. And these gray hairs, all bedabbled with blood and oozing brain, crowned an old man who came from the mountain home in Virginia after all the sons had fallen, and entering the reserves, fell as he beat back the last charge at the Salt-works; and to-day in that desolate mountain home waits a motherless widow for the tardy summons to complete the heavenly group.

And this is the "gallant boy Pelham," and this Stuart; and these without arms the victims of prison and hospital; and these the murdered by the pretense of military commission and martial law; and these the broken-hearted, whom God mercifully led through the valley of the shadow of death to join the beloved.

Who is this with drooping plume but lifted head; knightliest of the knightly dead? It is our own Morgan, and with him and around him those we loved. Near by are Hanson and Monroe and Johnson, and—I can not see, my comrades, for these are those I loved, and tears blind the eyes. Mothers of Kentucky, these are your sons; widows, your husbands; daughters, your fathers. Above us and around us these spirits sanctify this day's work. As you bend over to place the flowers on these graves, loved spirits bend over you and hallow the work. Let us receive the blessing and take it into our

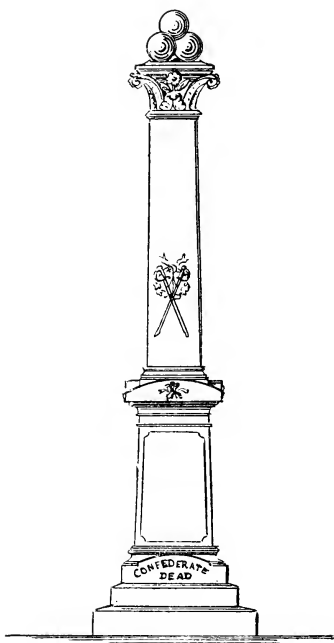
hearts and resolve to love the right, cherish the truth, be ready to die for liberty, even as these loved ones did.

To the women of the South no words of mine can give honor. There they stand at the bar of human history, clad in the scant habiliments of mourning, holding by the hand these traitors, and, lifting their faces upward, proclaim that they are their sons and fathers and husbands, and that whatever of guilt has been incurred is a common guilt, and that for this treason home and comfort and heart have been cheerfully sacrificed.

Young maidens! go sit by the feet of some Southern matron and listen as she tells you all of the sacrifices of these four years, and yet how God gave her courage and strength to bear it all, and then to live the life of perfect womanhood.

Six and twenty centuries ago the Messianic Prophet, looking down the entire course of time, said to every loving, sorrowing heart, "Thy dead shall live . . . Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust; for thy dew is the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead," and to-day on this exquisite spring afternoon, standing at the head of these graves, I re-echo this ancient prophecy. Take it in all its significance. Our dead live—live in their heroic courage, in their tender manhood, in their noble devotion, in their absolute self-sacrifice, in their deathless love of liberty, in their quenchless hatred of wrong. *They are our dead*, and their honor is our honor, their defense our defense, their graves our care. So year by year we will honor their graves and teach our children to honor their lives and deaths and memory. We will hold their fame dear to our hearts; we will leave to our children the priceless heritage of their glory; we will strive to perpetuate and make universal that liberty for which they died. We bury in their graves all implacability, but we renew in this sacred place and this august and awful presence our solemn profession that we love liberty beyond all earthly treasures, and that we will honor those who died in her defense.

And as we recall the immortality accorded to these loved ones, we arise and sing in the joy of that certain reunion with them which the future has in store.



THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT HOPKINSVILLE.

WHO WERE
THE CONFEDERATE DEAD?

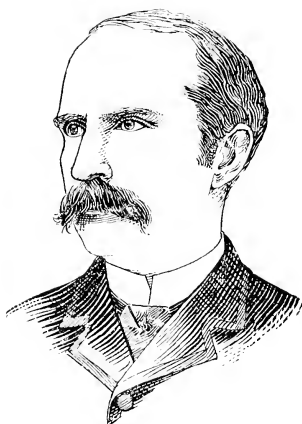
ADDRESS

AT THE UNVEILING CEREMONIES OF THE CONFEDERATE MON-
UMENT AT HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY,

MAY 19, 1887.

BY

WM. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.



JOHN C. LATHAM, JR.

ADDRESS.

MY COUNTRYMEN :

Who were these men, over whom this stately memorial with its admiring inscriptions and loving praise has been erected? Here lie 101 dead, of whom this silent but imposing witness testifies that in their graves "is buried all of heroism that can die;" concerning whom it is engraved on granite "that while martyrs for conscience sake are respected, their valor and devotion will be admired by the good and the brave;" whose very dust it is averred in enduring stone is "sacred dust," and yet they are "unknown" men. As we study these inscriptions in our endeavor to understand why this monument was erected and this vast crowd has assembled to do honor to these "unknown" dead, we read, "CONFEDERATE DEAD;" "belonging to the 1st Mississippi Regiment, 3d Mississippi Regiment, 7th Texas, 8th Kentucky, Forrest's Cavalry, Woodward's Kentucky Cavalry, Green's Kentucky Battery;" and that this monument is erected at the place of his birth by a surviving comrade "to commemorate the virtue of the Confederate Dead."

This then is the cause and this the defense of this monument and of this ceremonial; a Confederate whom God has prospered thinks it an honor to his native town to make it the perpetual witness to the honor of the Confederate Dead, and this great crowd of freemen, gathered from so many sections; these reverend and distinguished guests; these venerable fathers, and this throng of fair women, by their presence approve the generous act. And is it so, that on the bosom of this beloved Commonwealth, in one of the fairest sections of this Imperial Republic, fathers and mothers approvingly testify to that new and splendid generation which is pushing us off our seats of power that it is a praiseworthy deed to do honor to the memory of the Confederate Dead? Let us not to-day disguise this question to our hearts or consciences; we must answer it at the bar of "Posterity," and submit to the verdict that the august tribunal of its enlightened public opinion will then render. When this generation has finally

passed away, and its deeds are weighed by those who will be our judges, be assured that we will receive some judgment for this scene and its evident meaning.

Those judges will repeat my question, *Who were the Confederate Dead that to them such honor should be paid?*

How joyously can these queries be partly answered—they were soldiers and heroes!

A peaceful and pastoral people, suddenly called to war, found themselves without arms, without ships, without factories where any part of a warlike arm or its ammunition could be made, without an army, without a treasury, and without a government. They were five millions of free whites with a black slave population of four millions in their midst. Confronted by twenty millions of the most warlike people in the world, bone of their bone, rich in every material, with the trained nucleus of a superb army, with unlimited credit and unparalleled resources, an equipped navy and an old government; this pastoral people organized an army larger in the aggregate than the whole number of its adult free males; captured in the main its arms and military supplies, improvised a government, and for four years faced armies which in number, equipment, resources, and facilities the world had never seen equaled.

During these four years in this terrific and unequal strife these dead had fallen. They had come from the plow and the desk, the plane and the office, the beautiful valley farm and the outstretching plantation, of every age and rank and vocation, and given their lives, all they had, to this unparalleled struggle. Heroes, indeed, were they, who fell where Sidney Johnston died, who crowned Jackson with immortality, followed Lee with intelligent faith, made Chickamauga run red with fraternal blood, rode with Morgan, shared in the victories of Forrest, died on picket post, or went to God from prison bunk or scaffold.

With scant rations and scantier clothing, with inferior numbers, always relatively decreasing, with the circle of their ever-increasing foes narrowing upon them, homes lost to many, their lands devastated by the severest rigors of internecine war, with wondrous victories bearing no fruit, with loved ones homeless and dependent on the straitened for daily bread, with a future all dark and uncertain, these men never faltered—they *died*. And to those distant queries we can proudly answer: these men were heroes.

But is this all the answer we can make at that illustrious bar? Who

were these Confederates? They were American citizens of the Southern States of the American Republic.

That great Teutonic race which set limits to the growth of the Roman Empire had worked out a noble development in the British Isles. There is a fixed though obscure relation between a people and its institutions, and a certain though often imperceptible progress in the development of each, and they mutually affect each other. Noble races unconsciously develop noble institutions, noble institutions produce noble races, and this upward growth must be difficult, slow, and, alas! has always been bloody; and out of these conflicts emerge a better people and wider institutions.

In the narrow horizon of the present the actors may fail to comprehend the true significance of their own part in the ever-moving drama of human growth. There is an eternal "needs be" in this progression. And as in the material universe around us, harvests must be preceded by clouds and storms and rains; there must be cyclones and tornadoes, with winter and ice and sleet; so, too, in this world of moral forces, where subtler forces dominate and invisible influences control, there must be storms. It has always been so. The rich lands, where liberty grows strongest and man is freest, have been sanctified with human blood and made fertile with broken hearts.

And for seven centuries this race from which we sprang had grown from soil the richest under the stars with the blood of martyrs and heroes. The luminous track of British history shines resplendent with the reddest blood, and the most precious mile-stones which indicate the progress of our ancestors are the scaffolds where the martyrs died, or the poles on which the severed heads of the traitors were lifted up.

Amid such traditions, with such schoolmasters, each generation necessarily held more tenaciously to what had been gained and yearned more intensely to wrest from power what was still denied.

And so from age to age, every age having its own "Lost Cause" and meeting apparently its fatal repulse, the ceaseless struggle went on with constant success. The conquering Norman gradually became Englishmen, the parliament became free, even though the dead Cromwell hang in chains and "Charles came to his own." The colonist brought here with him certain rights, but much more he was a Briton freeman. He was as much the product of these ages and these struggles as the institutions of which he was inheritor. And so here the development continued.

He who subdued this new and dangerous continent—felled its forests, drove inward its savage denizens, builded homes in its almost illimitable spaces, laid in its virgin soil the foundation of a new empire—unconsciously grew into a nobler manhood and stronger nature. He did not become a new man. The present springs out of the bosom of the past; and the prepotency of blood ever dominates the race. We are born in our own family without option on our own part, and our growth is in an ordained path within certain prescribed limitations. But it is real growth, true development. These colonists were British, not French nor Spaniard; and this one fact, this controlling fact, determined the line of development.

These colonists brought with them inherent, inalienable rights as men; immemorial and constitutional rights as Britons; chartered rights as colonists under royal grants or charters; and they grew with their new life into larger desires; the colonies became States, the colonists American citizens. Thus came into being American institutions.

Man is in one sense the same every where and in all ages. This is indeed a most precious as well as pregnant truth: we are of one race—a race of brothers, with one Father!

The brotherhood of man, with its correlative truth, the fatherhood of God, is at the foundation of all true thinking, is the primal truth in all valuable philosophy and is the corner-stone of every stable human edifice. We can not have at heart this truth too earnestly, nor hold it too tenaciously, for error here is irretrievable disaster. On this rock are founded our institutions.

It is this MAN, who, created by God in his own likeness, is by nature free, and is by development capable of self-government; and, as he is free and capable of self-government, it follows irresistibly that all governments to be free must rest on the consent of the governed. And, as the government is formed by freemen, they have the unalterable right, each generation for itself, to modify, amend, or change their government. These were the universal truths which these colonists held as applicable not to themselves only, but to all mankind. Not that at any given day, under every possible circumstance, every race was thus capable, but that they actually were, and all potentially were.

But they held with equal intensity that liberty was possible only with order, that order which springs from and is preserved by constituted authority. They were reverent to law, because, with sim-

plicity of faith to them the Father was the law-giver; and generation after generation, living with habitual belief in His power and customary obedience to the religion founded in His name, this race was daily transformed into the most orderly, and therefore the most constructive race the world has ever seen. By its very law of development, this English-speaking race is a law-giving and a law-abiding race; an unconscious power of social organization belongs to it, and is always exercised by it.

There is no camp in which this tongue is spoken where order does not reign and a form of constituted authority is not established; no body of this people ever knew chaos, nor fell victim to anarchy. The benign and dominant influence of ever-present law has shed upon this people fructifying power. As under summer sun lofty trees grow, sending roots down into the bowels of the earth, and pushing branches skyward, so under this steady heat has this favored race grown stronger and nobler.

Thus free and law-loving, these colonists were separated into thirteen independent States when the problem of forming their government was by destiny presented to them.

By the "needs be" of their position there was narrow choice given. They could construct only with the material they had on hand thirteen States of English-speaking people, and these states with definite form and ascertained powers.

Governmental forms and governmental powers are not numerous, nor in thought very complex; nor are either arbitrary; to them not much can be added, nor much subtracted. The form of our State governments had through the years been slowly evolved to fit the nature of governmental functions, which are divisible into only three classes, the law-making, the law-declaring, and the law-executing functions.

Society organized into government can make law—that is, legislate; declare what the law is, adjudicate; enforce the law, execute. Once all these functions were exercised by one body of magistracy, often by a single person; gradually the magistracies became separate, the law-making department becoming a parliament, the law-declaring an independent judiciary, the law executing the executive. This was the form in the main in which our colonial governments were when we won our independence. And as all powers exercised by either of these departments are delegated powers, delegated in thought by the people constituting that organism we call a "State," and as the officers

required to discharge the duties thus imposed by the State are representatives of the sovereign power residing in the body of the people, some mode of defining, prescribing, and limiting these powers, and of selecting these public servants had to be agreed upon. But in the main this had also been the growth of years; legislative bodies chosen by suffrage; executives directly or indirectly so chosen; judges selected by the executives and confirmed by some selected representative body. So the task of adapting a government of the State to the new and freer order was not very difficult, and the mistakes were easily remedied and were not fatal. And in every constitution was inserted the fundamental conception that those powers were granted powers; that this government found its only warrant in the consent of the governed, and the power of alteration was expressly reserved.

These written constitutions were a new contribution by America to political science and to the muniments of freedom.

They have been confounded with such acts as the Magna Charta, as royal charters by king or emperor, as the Bill of Rights by Parliament. They are generically and radically different.

The Magna Charta is a solemn claim by English barons of what were English liberties, and a solemn acknowledgment by king that the claim was well founded and should be respected. Royal charters and grants were gracious privileges or franchises, or gifts from a sovereign of his own will to subjects. Bills of Rights by Parliament were legislative declarations of the existing political rights. But these American constitutions are the solemn act of the sovereign people establishing a form of government, delegating to its officers the prescribed powers, limiting the modes of their exercise, ordering the mode of selection and tenure of office, and placing on itself the agreed limitations. They were without precedent in history and without parallel.

Grave questions arose when these independent States came to form a permanent union. They were independent States, but in a certain sense they had always been one people. They had been British subjects, and while colonists they owed allegiance to the same crown and were one people. While as colonies they revolted, it was as colonies in one Continental Congress, by one act of sovereignty, the thirteen colonies in one body, in one act and conjointly, declared their independence and formed a new government founded on the consent of the governed. As one people they fought that revolutionary war, and as one people they secured national independence; thirteen sovereign States constituting the United States of America.

The people spoke the same language, had inherited the same traditions, fought a common fight for a common freedom, and formed a Union recognized as an independent nation.

Our fathers saw, perhaps more clearly than we, the line of demarkation between internal and external affairs, and, as to internal affairs, between local and national subjects.

It must be remembered that in the aggregate the powers of all nations are precisely the same; the difference is in the powers granted and in the distribution of those powers. It must also be remembered that in this government there can be no hostile powers; all powers must be held to be always capable of simultaneous and harmonious exercise, and that the Federal Government and the States must be held to have jointly all the powers necessary for self-preservation.

There were certain purposes that our fathers had concerning which there can be no doubt. The first was to preserve the liberty of the citizens; this is the very cause of the formation of all governments by the free. Then to preserve the integrity and independence of the States. To accomplish these purposes it was necessary that there should be strength, power, wealth; and to secure these there must be union, such union as secured to each the power of all, and freed each from danger of offense by any American State. So that the problem was, how can these thirteen States of one people be so united as to preserve the liberty of the citizen and the integrity of the State, secure the country from foreign foe, and each State from attack from ambitious American States, and guarantee the quickest and most solid growth in power and wealth?

The Federal Constitution is the answer our fathers gave to that problem, and an immortal answer they made. It was a compromise, and must be construed as a compromise. There were numerous incidental but grave questions. It was an immense territory for which they were legislating. Climatic and other influences were variant, and these differences would become more complicated as the wealth involved grew greater and the interests vastly increased.

Power amplifies itself; and in government, as in nature, the centrifugal ceaselessly resists the centripetal forces.

On an evil day a cargo of Africans were sold into slavery, then universally recognized as legal and humane. For the individual slavery of the black was held to be a distinct conception from the political freedom of the citizen and the national independence of a country. Other cargoes came. The prolific and docile race increased rapidly

in number and more rapidly in value. In a new country labor is most valuable. When new land is to be reduced to tillage and its value is enormously increased by the mere act of preparing it for a home and tillage, disciplined and controlled labor is extremely valuable. For climatic and economical reasons these slaves were generally concentrated within the Southern States by purchase, and that purchase mainly from citizens of the Northern States. These slaves were black, and there is no people with such race prejudices as this English-speaking race. They hold tenaciously to the belief that man is of one race; but they have held their own blood pure from all intermixture with the colored races. There has been revealed no stronger nor more intense passion than this passion for race purity by this colonizing and dominating people. Neither in Asia, nor Africa, nor America has it consented to either marital intermixture or political partnership with any other than a white race. But while this was true, it was also true that slavery became one of the institutions of these Southern States. Slavery did represent so much money; but it represented very much more. It became interwoven into the social fabric of the State in a way hard now to explain. It undoubtedly influenced the civilization and development of those States. It dignified color so that to be a white man was a tie that every other white man recognized. It made race and color, not condition and wealth the distinction. It gave habits of domination and caused a form of pastoral life that was peculiar and influential. If the slave had been white the problem had been easy of solution; had the number been small, there could have been found an easy remedy; had the number actually in America been evenly distributed through all the States there would have been no danger; however, it had to be managed as it was, and one of the compromises of the Constitution was concerning this institution. When that Constitution went into effect, and the first Congress thereunder organized, the experiment of American liberty was fairly commenced.

These institutions were indeed noble! Religious liberty was secured by every conceivable guarantee; the destruction of the law of primogeniture gave promise of preventing permanent classifications based on wealth; the exact division of governmental functions into three separate departments protected from arbitrary encroachments, and by checks and balances assured the preservation of each in its proper vigor; the integrity and autonomy of the States and their exclusive dominion over all domestic institutions insured the personal

liberty of the citizen and guarded the local interests and industries of each section; the united power of all, acting through the Federal Government, protected from foreign interference and gave promise of future acquisition. It was a system capable of indefinite expansion, perfect for the union of two States, fit for the union of a hundred States. These institutions were instinct with the pervasive spirit of freedom, and were fitted to occupy, develop, and enrich any territory that she might acquire. Strict adherence to the spirit and letter of these covenants contained in the constitutions, just impartiality under their equal provisions, faithful obedience to the prescribed limitations, were the only conditions to illimitable growth. For the arena upon which this experiment was to be tried was worthy alike of the race and the institutions.

A virgin continent of indescribable beauty and wealth awaited our conquest. A soil of inexhaustible fertility, producing under various climates and intelligent culture every form of product; minerals, in extent boundless and for uses innumerable, buried in every section; with mighty lakes and noble rivers, and accessible valleys furnishing easy transportation; salubrious climates for every condition of human health and development; a coast line which must ultimately give control of the seas;—were to be ours almost for the asking.

Such a continent never wooed such a race to make it mighty under the sway of such institutions. Day by day the wondrous growth went on. The tide poured over the top of the Appalachian Mountains, down its western slopes, and on the bosom of this beloved Commonwealth was built the first American State of the new republic, with manhood suffrage, representation based on numbers, and the strict construction of the articles of compact, which we call the Constitution.

These exquisite landscapes and ravishing scenes tempted immigration. The Northwest became States; the Southwest grew into power. We crossed the Mississippi, acquired the Floridas, won Texas to our embrace, and purchased with blood and money to the shores of the placid Pacific.

But land was not all of our conquests. We won the hearts of the poor over the world by our offer of ample homes and freedom for them and their children. Every day those seeking homes landed on our shores and put their lives and hopes into our destiny.

With unequal strides the North and the South grew. The "South," comprising the fifteen States of Delaware, Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Georgia,

Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, and Texas, had increased absolutely with immense strides, but relatively they had not kept pace with the North and the Northwest; and it had been found that the institution of slavery could be confined within the limits of those States. That institution was protected by the provisions of the Constitution, and by the sovereignty of each State, if that sovereignty was recognized and could be maintained. Those States were in the main agricultural; in religion, believing; in life, simple; in manners, cordial.

The South was very sparsely populated, with no large cities, with no great centers of trade and factory, and comparatively few lines of transportation, save in rivers. Almost purely agricultural, and with a genial climate, her increase in wealth was almost altogether in opening for cultivation new lands and increasing the area of tillage; and this required more than her accumulated capital. She had neither the means nor the temptation to embark in other enterprises. Her men of wealth were rich only in land and slaves, and were, by the necessity of their condition, required to give constant, careful, and personal superintendence to this continual process of development. It was always a new country, even in its oldest settlements. Stable in its institutions, conservative in its mode of thought, self-contained in its habits of life, it was a severely simple, plain, and frugal people. The men, living in the open air, expert in horsemanship and the use of arms, having upon them the responsibilities of mastership with its consequent habit of control and dignity of manner, were physically among the finest who have ever been called to act in public affairs or take part in war. Proud of their lineage, not because of its wealth but of its sacrifices for liberty and its achievements for humanity; tenacious of their political rights, because both of their familiarity with history and their knowledge that it is THE ADMITTED CLAIM which seems small that becomes the PRECEDENT for despotism, and because of this institution of slavery which could not be touched from the outside without danger; deeply read in political science, and intensely provincial because safety to them required that their own local affairs should be exclusively in their control in a sense far beyond what is usually understood by the common phrase of local self-government; without the habit of co-operation, as their life and peculiar occupation developed individuality, they were of the highest integrity, the loftiest purity, and fit for great public duties; but prone to schism, not patient of opposition, and inflexible in the advocacy of their own views.

Like all provincial people they were devoted to their own homes, their own States, their own sections, with a passionate love which no language can exaggerate.

The great Appalachian range which runs through the States of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, with its lofty peaks, its indescribable valleys and its ravishing landscapes; the many noble rivers which traverse fertile sections and were fringed with hoar cotton and tasseled corn; the long ocean line with its ceaseless melody and ever-changing beauty; the land-locked Chesapeake and the rich Gulf of Mexico; the forests of stately pines, of magnificent oaks, or other equally mighty rivals of the forest; the varied products of field or garden; and in these fields the blooded horse or short-horn cattle, made a land physically worthy of such love. And it was sacred in its hallowed spots. Here, on the beautiful Potomac, is the tomb of Washington; in sight of the Chesapeake is the Yorktown where Cornwallis surrendered; here is the grave of Jefferson; this is the place where Ferguson died as the mountaineers scaled King's Mountain; here Marion hid until like the hawk he would dart upon his prey; this is where Boone and the pioneers began the conquest of the West; and here stood Jackson when the British failed at New Orleans.

The sweet memories of the land were still dearer. The plain churches which dotted every neighborhood were surrounded by beloved dead; the simple homes had always been the abode of stainless purity and a patriarchal type of domestic economy as loving as it was pure.

And in that land, if the question of the wise king had been asked, "Who can find a virtuous woman?" with trusting pride each of those homes could answer, "Under this precious roof-tree, by this beloved hearth-stone," and the loving hearts made pure by her sweet life would add, "her price is far above rubies; the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with her hands; . . . she riseth also while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household and a portion to her maidens; . . . she layeth her hands to the spindle and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. . . . Her husband is known in the gates when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She maketh fine linen and selleth it; . . . strength and honor are her cloth-

ing and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth in wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband, also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

And in these homes dwelt maidens who, like Esther, were "fair and beautiful," as "beautiful and well favored" as Rachel; yea, "very fair to look upon" even as Rebecca; as devoted as the daughter of Jephtha.

Who in this vast crowd can not recall with tearful eyes, but unutterable pride, the Southern mother who taught him of God, and the lovely sister who made home full of happiness; whose remembered lineaments are well described by these inspired words?

In these States were born; from these people sprang; under these institutions were fostered; amid such scenes grew up these Confederate Dead. They were the descendants of the men who made England a commonwealth, preserved the freedom of Scotland, ceaselessly protested against the servitude of Ireland; their sires had colonized America, conquered the French at Quebec, driven the Indian inward; their grandfathers sat in the Continental Congress, served with Washington, conquered at King's Mountain; their fathers were with Perry at Erie or with Jackson at New Orleans; their elder brothers fell at Buena Vista, or received the surrender at Mexico.

They sprang from the loins of those who in two generations pushed the limits of the Republic to the Pacific.

The Confederate armies were equal to their ancestors; with equal courage, and perhaps greater skill, they faced more tremendous odds, and had a sadder fortune. Who can adequately represent in language that host and the four years of its struggles and sacrifices?

In the long and glorious procession of armies which have been used by the subtle forces which raise and move armies in the development of man, none need be ashamed of the companionship of these defeated and surrendered men. We can with proud confidence leave their glory to history and trust their deeds to fame; and as the story of those years is more accurately told, as the cost of their defeat is more fully understood, and their achievements better known, all who love heroic virtues and are inspired with lofty purposes will revere the memories of that immortal array.

These 101 unknown dead constituted a part of that illustrious army,

and bore their full share in its labors and dangers. Obscure, perhaps, in the simple vocations of peaceful life, they followed where duty led and died where honor ordered, and reverently but proudly we dedicate this memorial to these heroes who lie here, and to all their comrades wherever they rest waiting for the resurrection morning; and then we lift up our faces with inexpressible pride and claim these men as our comrades, and challenge that questioning posterity in its day of peril and disaster to match them.

But this is not full answer to that distant challenge, nor has this alone called us here in this sweet springtime.

These dead were not from the same State; this monument reveals that they were from Texas, Mississippi, Tennessee (for Forrest's cavalry was a Tennessee battalion originally, and Woodward's Kentucky cavalry had Tennessee companies in it), and Kentucky.

It has been the common fashion of the historian to speak of "the South" as if it were one organic section, bound together as a compact whole; and of the late secession as if it was one act, based on the same causes and justified by the same reasons. These are in part erroneous. The fifteen slave States constituting the political "South" were bound together by that institution and its common dangers; and the claim that there resided in the Federal Government any power over that institution, except honestly to obey the Federal Constitution and loyally abide in fidelity of spirit by its guarantees, tended to consolidate and compact those States. Such claim was held to be destructive to the equality of the States as well as to their sovereignty; to lead to despotism and the obliteration of the distinction between Federal and State power. Such a claim involved the whole relation of the citizen to the State, and of the State to the Federal Government. The very claim asserted supreme power in the Federal Government over the property and institutions of the States, and that there resided power to be exercised in some mode by the Federal Government, or by a certain majority of the States, to force the other States to conform their domestic institutions to the religion or charity or opinions of the majority. The world had never seen the experiment of confederation made permanently successful in nations of great extent or power. Consolidation or disintegration had been the result, with war, misery, and loss of power. We were renewing the experiment under the most favorable circumstances, but with some dangerous elements. The very difference in climate, and therefore in products and industry, necessarily gave rise to economic differences which were, perhaps, hardly recon-

cilable; and the immense pecuniary interests involved rendered it certain that every effort would be made to amplify the powers of the Government so that they could be used in this economic struggle.

Without slavery such differences would have been fierce, were indeed bitter. Unfortunately the slave line ran not precisely parallel with, but nearly so, with the line of division on those economic questions. The purely planting interest, that form of agricultural industry which produces in large tracts of land a single product, on whose sale elsewhere all profit depends, necessarily becomes restive under any commercial restrictions. It must buy away from its immediate section every thing but its one product, and must sell that where best it can to be able to buy and have a surplus. And to a system which required them to pay an enormous tribute to a distant people, to whom they are unfamiliar, even if fellow-citizens, under a Union and by the operation of a Constitution formed for the equal and impartial good of all, necessarily forced them to scan that Constitution to ascertain where such powers were granted, and to question the value of such a Union. And when there were added claims that put in question their title to so many millions of dollars and their control over an institution so interwoven with their social fabric, these questionings became more intense. And when to this was added, that these claims were founded on pretensions of superior piety in those who made them, and accompanied by harsh charges against those who were to suffer from them, it is not unnatural that they viewed with alarm, mingled with indignation, the gradual and inevitable loss of power, the sure increase of the non-slave-holding States, and growth of the anti-slavery sentiment.

It must also be remembered that the liberation of the slave did not change his race, nor obliterate from the white race that intense race-feeling heretofore mentioned; nor did it contemplate the removal of the freedman. To remove four millions of laborers was an impossibility, and would, if a possibility, be an irretrievable disaster; to have four millions of blacks free in the midst of five millions of whites, but so unequally distributed that in some sections the blacks greatly outnumbered the whites, was indeed to fill the future with uncertainty and clouds.

These blacks, when imported, were savages without traditions and without hopes. It is inconceivable to us how a race can be without traditions and without hopes. Under the educational power of American slavery they had begun to hope, which is the beginning

of freedom; and in the border States and in the cities, and in those who were domestics, there were evidences of the capacity of development. But to contemplate the possibility that South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, Louisiana, and Arkansas might become black commonwealths was a future to be avoided at any hazard. So the cotton States, holding tenaciously to the absolute sovereignty of the State and to the constitutional right of secession, separately seceded and formed the Confederate Government at Montgomery. They had witnessed the secession of Texas from Mexico upon the old American doctrine that the consent of the governed was the only true foundation of government, and her admission to the Union and the necessary approval by the United States that the true construction of that doctrine was, that the consent meant was that of the people of a State, and not of the entire number of States.

They knew that the Declaration had been formulated by the colonies that formed only a part of the British Empire, only a part of those colonies in America, and it seemed to them absurd to urge that before these seven States could found their own government on their own consent, they must ask the permission of the very States by whose acts the general Government was to be perverted.

It was not the election of Mr. Lincoln that caused secession in any other sense than that this election was accepted as the conclusive evidence that—

1. The Northern States could by themselves elect a President and keep permanent control of the Executive Department;
2. And permanently control both Houses of Congress, and
3. By appointment soon control the Judicial Department, and
4. Control the admission of new States, and
5. That this North was under the domination of the Anti-slavery party.

With the North daily growing in power and permanently under the control of the Anti-slavery party, while relatively the South was daily growing weaker, it became inevitable that that South was under, not of, the Government, and this is political slavery. The forms of the governmental powers need not be changed. Continued elections according to the old modes would be held, and the prescribed forms might be sacredly preserved, but in substance they would have no voice in national affairs and no potential part in determining the policies to be pursued. And if the threat to prevent secession by force was meant, then every day's delay made the inevitable conflict more

unequal. So the planting States seceded, planting themselves on the old plea made in the Declaration of Independence and the newer plea that the compact of union was a voluntary agreement of sovereign States from which each sovereign had a right to withdraw, and submitting that their present prosperity and future safety, the autonomy of their States, and the liberty of their citizens depended on their own exclusive management of their own affairs.

Here there was a distinct pause in the movement. In the powerful States of North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee and Arkansas, which were partly planting and partly farming States, in which the whites so outnumbered the blacks that there was no danger from liberation, in whose borders was a large mountainous population almost wholly non-slaveholding, there was great division and consequent hesitation. They were loath to give up the Union for the possible dangers of an uncertain future, and doubtful of an experiment of two republics, coterminous, and divided only by the slave line. They believed intensely in that form of local government which the States represented; and that whether secession was constitutional or revolutionary, there resided in the general Government no power to make war on a seceded State; that war meant the destruction of slavery, the virtual destruction of the autonomy of the States, and the consolidation of arbitrary power in those in possession of the Government. They believed that negotiation, concession, peace would restore the Union, or in its place, by close treaties of alliance, form two republics, friendly, mutually reliant, and as to all the world one for defense.

These States refused to secede until after the surrender of Fort Sumter, and the call of Mr. Lincoln for volunteers.

Led by Virginia, they had made every effort to effect a compromise, and, having failed, these States ranged themselves with the weaker party in defense of two principles, that governments to be free must be founded on the consent of the governed, and that the Federal Government had no constitutional power to subdue States by arms, and hold the Union together by the bayonet. They believed that such power of war meant, no matter under what pretense exercised, in its ultimate analysis a military despotism, where the discretion of the administration in temporary possession of office and not the Constitution was the measure and warrant of power; that the use of force once to subdue a State necessarily destroyed the independence of the States, for it was absurd to speak of an independent

State subject to be thrashed into submission; a mere mockery of language to talk of the equality of States in a Union where the majority of States in possession of the Government had the right as well as power to occupy protesting States by military force, and, under pretense of executing the law, conquer by the sword. Their fathers had revolted from the allegiance due from subjects on a mere question of taxation; because the assertion of such power involved the whole question of their relations to the mother country; and when that mother country undertook "to execute the law" (which is the remedy and universal plea of tyranny), they resisted to the death. And now these citizens, as citizens and as organized States, refused to aid in this forceful "execution of the law" by which seven States were to be conquered; vast armies raised at great expense, to be used by an administration which received no votes in those States and which represented a pledge that in peace, when the work of conquest was over, the whole power of the common Government should be exercised, in some mode, under some process, in a spirit hostile, not only to those States, but to all the States who had the same institution. Being compelled to participate in the conflict, they stood for what they were convinced was the cause of liberty, the cause of American liberty, liberty preserved by States with exclusive jurisdiction over internal and local affairs, as against the centralized force of unlimited powers exercised in the name of a common government, grown powerful in large part by the gifts, the labors, the blood, the achievements of the section now on the eve of invasion and conquest; and so these four States entered the Confederate Government and the war became flagrant. Events followed each other with startling rapidity, and the citizens of the eleven Confederate States with boundless alacrity entered into the military service of their States and Confederacy; and as against all charge of treason they interposed the warrant of their State and the plea of their primary allegiance to her and their consequent obedience to that warrant; faithful to their duty to their States, obedient to their commands, they gave themselves to their defense. To shield their borders from invasion, to protect the homes of their beloved ones from ruin, to preserve the liberty of their people, these Confederates maintained that unequal fight.

• But among these "dead" are Kentuckians whose State did not secede, and for whom no such plea can be made. Are they without plea? Shall we who fought with them, who loved them living and

honor them dead, be dumb when their action is awaiting the verdict of posterity?

My comrades, we gave the services of our young manhood to that cause in violation of the command of our mother—Kentucky. Our Kentucky, beloved mistress of our hearts, refused to secede, and yet we turned our footsteps southward, and drew our arms to follow where Lee or other leader ordered. Kentucky did not call us by the voice of a sovereign convention, or the order of her Governor, or the act of her legislature, to enter that service. Nay! for our service her legislature expatriated us, declaring by solemn act that we were no longer worthy to be her sons; her grand juries indicted us for treason, and warrants of arrest were issued for our apprehension, as if we had been felons. Were Breckinridge and Buckner, and Preston, Hanson, and Morgan, and Helm, indeed without excuse in thus entering the Confederate service and tempting the ingenuous youth who had followed them to form battalions, regiments and brigades, on whose tattered banners glory abided, whose charge gave victory, whose presence forbade panic? We loved Kentucky; she was worthy of our love. The physical gifts which make her beautiful among the daughters of the nations were not equal to the heroic actions of her sons and the exquisite graces of her daughters. Fairest among ten thousand and altogether lovely was she to our young and bounding love. Historic memories clustered about her, and every valley and mountain side held the graves of heroes, while from every brook and crystal stream ascended melodious anthems to the brave and good whose lives had sanctified their banks. We, too, loved that old Union of the States, of which we proudly claimed Kentucky was the heart. At home and abroad our fathers had made it famous. For it Kentuckians had won the mighty Mississippi and secured the outreaching empire westward to the Rocky Mountains; for it Kentuckians fell at the river Raisin, drove Tecumseh to his death at the Thames, and charged at the plain of Chalmette; for it McKee and Clay died at Buena Vista, and their kinsmen from Vera Cruz to Mexico; for it Clay taught America the subtle power of compromise, the potent influence of concession; and for it the love of all who love mankind and the prayers of all who loved God went out in sweet and pious accord.

Our interests united with our love. She was a border State as to her institutions; she was an interior State as to her surroundings. Her products found their market in different sections of the country,

and she was dependent alike on the North and the South. She could but suffer, whoever else might profit, by division. Whatever wrongs others complained of, to greater wrongs she had submitted without anger, considering such submission a sacrifice the brave can render in the spirit of lofty forbearance.

No public leader ever dared, even if any ever desired, to urge that secession was to her a remedy for any wrong, a step ever to be taken for any cause. She knew, her people knew, that secession meant war, and war meant the destruction of slavery as an institution, and incalculable loss to her. Why then did we turn our backs on our homes and our loved ones, and, self-exiled, peril all for a cause she had condemned, to secure a result she desired to avert?

We did not fight to defend our homes and our hearthstones. Mothers and wives and children were not behind us as we stood facing the foe. We were not ramparts of fire between an advancing enemy and the swelling plains and busy towns of our people. No inspiring crowds, no beating drum and piercing fife, no patriotic sweetheart, no overwhelming pressure of public opinion forced us to recruit. In squads, by twos or fours or alone, in the night time, by by-ways and through the woods, leaving all that was dearest behind, we found our way to where we could be mustered into the Confederate service. As a rule, each man rode his own horse or paid his own way and provided his own arms and outfit.

It is one of the most striking and picturesque of the many attractive studies of the late war, the formation of the Kentucky regiments of the Confederate army. Where the First Kentucky in Virginia met and organized, Camp Boone in Tennessee, Camp Charity where Morgan rested, the rendezvous where Marshall and Williams gathered their soldiers, here and there a church or cross-roads where a company organized or the neighbor boys met and rode out together, these will never cease to be "hallowed ground," for here "majestic men whose deeds have dazzled faith" entered on a heroic struggle for true constitutional liberty, for that liberty which knows no other basis for a government than the consent of the governed, and is convinced that the conquest of any one State of a federal union involves the right to destroy all the States.

We believed with all sincerity that the apparent and final determination of the legislature of Kentucky was not in accordance with the wishes of the real majority of her people, that it was a result secured by force and fraud, and that, although accomplished "through

the forms of law," that it was no more binding than an edict of a president or a proclamation of a general; that the decision was the result of exterior force, the power of the Federal Government and the Northern States bordering on the Ohio River.

But I would be uncandid if I rested our defense on this ground alone, because for one—and I doubt not I voice the sentiments of the majority of the Confederate soldiers from Kentucky—my course was not based alone on that belief, and would not have been altered if I had been convinced of the precise reverse.

Many of us did not believe in the right of secession, as it was held by our brethren of the South; still more were convinced that secession by separate State action was unwise, if not insulting to the other States having common interests. Many believed that the grievances complained of could be better remedied by united action in the Union. But we all, those of whom I am speaking, the Kentucky Confederate soldiers, believed that it was purely despotic, without the shadow of an excuse to claim and exercise the power to hold by force of arms any State, or cluster of States, in unwilling subjection to a government, in name federal, and in theory of limited powers, but which then would be in fact an unlimited despotism, for the essence of despotism is that the government is above the law, and the only law of the Federal Union is the Federal Constitution, and the power to set aside that law and violate at will its provisions creates in fact a despotism—a government whose will is the measure of its power.

No State could force, no State could justify us in an attack so fatal to all the principles on which our liberties rested.

We knew that forms of government were but means, that all our constitutions, both State and Federal, were only modes, that the end was the maintenance of liberty; the substance, the perpetuation of free government; and we felt that the claims made by the administration, if allowed, rendered every check in these constitutions worthless, every limitation on the powers granted valueless, and for all time gave to those in possession of the Government precedents for for any exercise of any power that their interests or their passions rendered desirable. At once and for all time the liberties of the citizen and the rights of the State would find their protection, not in the written compacts, but in the pleasure, the fears, the interests, or the weakness of those in power.

If Kentucky could aid twenty Northern States to reduce eleven States to provinces, invade their territory, overturn their government,

set aside their constitutions, imprison without warrant their citizens, garrison their towns and destroy their institutions, then hereafter the central government, under the control of eighteen or twenty-five States, could at pleasure treat Kentucky after a similar fashion. We denied with uplifted hands that the true Kentucky had willingly united in this crusade; but with more resolute hearts we protested that neither Kentucky, nor any other number of States, nor any combination of people, could thus destroy American liberty, and as our seal to this solemn protest we forsook our homes. We had no part nor lot in bringing about the dread alternative; no act of ours, no fault of ours, produced that sorrowful dilemma. We were of that generation. We were men, and had to play our part as God gave us strength, and our choice lay between aiding or resisting the conquest by force of arms of eleven sovereign States, containing 5,000,000 of our brethren, and our choice was to stand by the banner which to us represented liberty.

We did not fight for slavery, we did not battle for any particular theory of State rights; but we fought for the dear old freedom of our fathers. This was no figment of the imagination. It was that fundamental principle declared when our fathers organized into States possessing political autonomy, and declared themselves free to choose their own government as to them seemed best.

For this Henry thundered, and Warren on Bunker Hill died: this is what Thomas Jefferson and John Adams reported, and the Continental Congress proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence; for this Washington fought and our martyrs fell. This was our compact, this the basis of our Federal Union, this the crucial test of our independence, this the corner-stone of free government.

It may be that our comrades from Missouri and Maryland occupied a position similar to our own.

History may render one verdict as to the course pursued by those States which formed the Montgomery Congress, and quite a distinct verdict as to the course of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas, and still a third verdict as to us.

As we recall those distant days when divided duties tore our hearts, and the necessities of grave and perilous action pressed upon us, we can look all mankind in the face with the calm consciousness that we did what we felt our manhood, our patriotism, our honor required; did it at sacrifices that were sometimes almost crushing, and with wounds which have never yet been wholly healed. Our hearts

wear the scars of those sad days. God grant our sons may not have to face such days!

This much, my comrades, seemed to me not inappropriate here and now—alike due to you and our dead comrades. I have not uttered one word of anger or passion or censure, nor do I intend to. Others very dear to us came to precisely the opposite conclusion, and with equal courage and better fortune played their part in that mighty drama. On the graves of such as have passed beyond, and there met their and our brethren, I have naught to lay but fragrant flowers. For the living I have naught but a hearty God-speed.

We were not fighting a personal fight; we were not moved by the spirit of spite or anger or revenge. It was with unfeigned sadness, with a sorrow too deep for expression, that we entered into the war, and only because we could not keep a good conscience otherwise; and we were, as we believed, fighting the battle of the North as well as of the South, the battle of the free of all nations and ages.

These were the institutions which produced these heroic men; these were the causes for which they gave their lives. And we this day take our place with them at that illustrious and distant bar; and submit ourselves with them to its august judgment.

The war resulted in the overwhelming defeat of the "South"—its complete conquest. It was fought out to the end, and at that end the "South" was prostrate, and the institution of slavery destroyed; and to the thoughtful it was also certain that liberation would be followed by enfranchisement.

The poverty of the Southern States at the close of the war was appalling; the desolation beyond description. Every form of accumulated capital had been swept away, every corporate institution hopelessly bankrupt, every State deeply in debt, and the amount of private indebtedness beyond all hope of payment.

A beggared people indeed were they. Fences all gone, work-stock nearly so, fields in briars, many houses burnt, no money, no credit, no provisions, no implements of industry, not even seed for harvest. The negro free; the white adult a paroled soldier or an aged man, frequently a disabled and wounded man; and in many families only widows, orphan maidens, and fatherless children; without political privileges, and with the prospect of a chaotic and harsh period of unstable and doubtful rule; the States without recognized governments, and the relations of the races, of the citizens, and of the States to the Federal Government in grave dispute and doubt. It was indeed a sad and desolate picture!

But all was not lost; far from it. God, the future, and manhood remained, and these contain all the possibilities of success.

There was no alternative left to that people but a stern and resolute struggle for bread, and then for the recovery of political liberty. The war had legislated—it had in a new sense made one the United States; in the destiny of the nation was involved the destiny of every section and all citizens; one country, one flag, one destiny, was the fiat of this tribunal, and the future of the South was indissolubly interwoven with that of the Union. In that Union, under that Government, however modified by the events of those years, must these Southern States work out their restoration. Within the limitations imposed by that Government, and by their actual condition, must they make their recovery. Without repining, with no unmanly cringing, no pretense of repentance or remorse—aye, proud of their dead comrades and conscious of their own rectitude and heroism, they turned their faces to the future, put their trust anew in God, and went to work. It was a pathetic but glorious spectacle, that conquered and beggared people, amid the ruins of their States and the destruction of their hopes, surrounded by the graves of their beloved slain, and in the depths of poverty, intensely at work for daily bread, and resolutely set on doing the best possible under the circumstances encompassing them. The privations, the suffering, the toil of those slow, sad, harsh years when “the bottom rail was on top,” and the whole world seemed to have turned from them, need not now be recalled. Let them pass into history.

But the heroism shown by woman and soldier during the four years of war was surpassed by the passive, uncomplaining endurance and the active, unceasing endeavor of those years of reconstruction and restoration. The ultimate result was never for one moment in doubt. The inevitable end was certain. The irresistible force residing in intelligence, education, manhood; the potential, even if invisible, influence of race and its peculiar qualities, the peculiar dominating power of this English-speaking race, the pervasive energy of inherited liberty, and the hereditary habit of command, rendered the victory in peace certain in the progress of time. Faithful to their parole; faithful to the higher obligations of a renewed citizenship; faithful to their duty to their children who were to live under this Government; faithful to the hopes of their future, which were intertwined with that of the common country, they gave implicit obedience to, and hearty labor for the common country, to which, by the for-

tunes of war and the decrees of Providence, they were indissolubly bound. They had staked and lost, and in good faith abided the result. They had submitted to the arbitrament of arms, and the verdict was against them, and they bowed to it completely, without reservation or murmur. I do not mean without sorrow, but I do mean without murmur. It was accepted as final, irretrievable, irreversible. There was not a corporal's guard, there has not been since the war, there is not now, who hoped, who dreamed, who desired to make another appeal to arms, or to make another effort to establish the Confederacy.

It was ordained that the experiment of American liberty should be tried under one Union, without slavery, and with the enfranchised negro; and with one heart the "South" went to work to perform with absolute fidelity her part of this mighty enterprise. And her people in their desolation never despaired. It was not what they yearned for, but it was worth every labor and all sacrifices. The land was infinitely more precious for the very blood, shed as if in vain. The spots new hallowed were dearer than all the land had been before. The precious landscapes, where new graves sanctified fields with new but now immortal names, were more exquisite to their hearts than any had ever been in days of yore.

The Church at Shiloh, the tangled underbrush of the Wilderness, the banks of Stone's River, the sad field of Chancellorsville, glorious names and beloved spots, held with incalculable strength their hearts to the idolized though impoverished land.

There, too, remained free institutions, perhaps with larger powers, even if with more contingent dangers; and in the larger possibilities of the future their children would play their part as became the sons of such sires. So they turned to the future.

The first necessity was bread, to regain the physical comforts of life, to rebuild houses, to reclaim the soil for tillage, to reorganize society, to make labor efficient, and to this they devoted themselves.

They had also to adjust themselves to the new order and condition of society: to bring order, peaceful, civil, established constituted order into domination, to make regnant the ordinary every-day forms of civil law and social procedure. Both these labors were accomplished. The Southern States became prosperous, and one by one resumed their legal equality in the Federal Government. The kindly agencies of nature united with the active industries of man to hasten this labor and to efface the visible evidences of war. Day by day

the "North" came to see that these people were indeed in good faith, and were indeed at work, and to realize that this section, so large in territory, so rich in resources, so blessed in climate, and with such a population, was a factor of vast importance to their future.

The steady acquiescence with which they contributed their portion to the payment of a public debt incurred to subdue them; the quiet promptness with which their representatives united in generous pensions to the soldiers who had conquered them; the conservative tone of thought and simple integrity of their public servants gradually won confidence and respect. Slowly the animosities of the conflict continue to subside. The constant pressure of business intercourse, the ceaseless influence of social kinship, the effect of marriage and intermarriage, the power of a foreign immigration who were not participants in those transactions, the necessity of absorption in the daily duties of a busy life, the new alignments caused by new questions, will gradually do their work.

It is in all essentials one people with so many common memories, and only common hopes; and at the bottom there is that mutual respect which courage, devotion to duty, and manly virtues inspire.

There were never better soldiers, never so good armies as the American armies of that unhappy war, and this all soldiers of either army accord with admiration to the soldiers of the other army. Here, at least, there was cause for universal commendation. As Americans all could be proud of the American soldier. Lee might be a traitor, but he was a great captain and a pure gentleman; Jackson a rebel, but he was also a Christian soldier of superb gifts and stainless life, and his "foot cavalry" was never surpassed in march or charge or retreat, and in their hearts every Northern soldier was proud that his Southern brethren were of such stuff. Indeed, every monument erected to a Federal soldier is also a monument to commemorate the skill, the courage, the heroism of the Confederate, for it is because of triumph over such soldiers that these monuments are erected.

So, too, we have given without scant measure our meed of praise to those who withstood the charge of serried array, or who broke in irresistible might over our trenches; to those who held the heights of Gettysburg against Lee and Longstreet, and drove Pickett backward from his wondrous charge; who held Franklin in spite of Hood and Cleburne; to Thomas who stood so firm at Chickamauga; and Sherman who marched from Dalton to the sea; to the silent and placable Grant, who compelled Donelson, Vicksburg, and Richmond to

acknowledge his power, and who gave generous terms to Lee, and with proud honesty demanded that the terms be respected. Honor alike to his prowess as a soldier and his honor as a conqueror.

And year by year this will grow. Long ago, in this same beautiful month of May, standing by the Confederate graves in that dear cemetery which lies adjacent to my own beloved city, in the presence of those who loved those dead, and were there to honor their memory by strewing the first flowers of spring over their graves, I said :

“ In the presence of this sad assemblage, in the presence of the dead, in the sight of God, I feel that it would be sacrilege to utter one word that is not in every sense true. With this solemn thought pressing upon me, I believe that I utter the sentiment of those who hear me, when I say that we trust the day may come when such a peace will bless our land that all the living will lovingly do honor to all the dead. We are all Americans—we are citizens of a common country in whose destinies are involved the destinies of our children. Around us in this cemetery lie buried the dead of all. On that resurrection morn all will rise side by side to meet Him who died for all. Religion, patriotism, the love we bear our children, alike appeal with eloquent earnestness for the return of good feeling and brotherly love.”

On that day I had no doubt ; on this day, when nearly a score of years have passed away, I feel assured that this generation will live to see that day. It has not come to all. In some hearts bitterness still reigns. But it has come to the noble, except where the sorrow at personal loss was too overwhelming to be assuaged, and it will come before many years elapse.

This English-speaking race must dominate the world ; its peculiar Christian civilization is the transforming power of the conquests of the future : at the head of this race is the proper place of the American Republic ; that republic which is being evolved and strengthened from and by all the sections and all its citizens. Of course it will have its trials and dangers ; the problem of African slavery has given place to the problem of the diverse races ; the necessity for local self-government is as absolute now as ever before, and precisely what shall be the line of demarkation between the Federal and the State powers is to be settled by each generation as new questions arise, and always will grave problems meet the American statesman. But it has emerged from that war without slavery ; with peaceful secession impossible ; with its own consciousness of its almost illimitable resources ; with the world's knowledge of its marvelous strength ; with the demonstra-

tion that its present machinery of government is ample for every emergency, and with no present issue on which after a lapse of a very few years ought there to be division on sectional lines.

We are now a nation of soldiers, with full acquaintance with what civil war actually means, and our statesmen belong to a generation trained amidst the necessities of a tremendous war.

This new generation now coming into power, this *post-bellum* generation, who will soon be dominant, has been trained North and South under auspices, influences, surroundings wholly unlike those by which we were trained. In the North the youth are not trained to overthrow slavery; in the South their youth are not trained to defend slavery. In the admission of new States, in the settlement of new territories, there is no "balance of power" to be maintained or overcome. No longer must the surplus of Southern enterprise be invested in new lands to be tilled by owned labor; and this surplus will seek, is seeking new enterprises, and diversified industries are supplanting the old-fashioned way of raising a single product. This will cause new rivalries, new combinations, new adjustments, which will in time cause new political alliances.

Out of all these varied causes the republic of the future will emerge, the joint product of not only the North and South, but the West and those hosts of immigrants who yearly seek homes in our midst. Immigration means not only the addition of so many men, so many persons, so much money, but the introduction into our lives of new thoughts, other traditions, other customs, other hopes. These immigrants bring with them their household gods, their religion and their thought and these become part of those occult but controlling forces which develop a people and mold a nation.

I believe in the controlling force of law in the social world as implicitly as I do in the ordained order in the natural world; in the power of ordained progress through the omnipotent activity of moral forces as I do in the agencies of physical forces. I believe in the correlation of cause and effect in political and social development. It is obscure because the data are very numerous, their relative value as yet comparatively unknown, and we have not carefully sought to explore this domain of science. Thus believing, I protest that the war was not in vain. It was unavoidable; from it there was no escape. I protest that the sacrifices made by the South were not in vain. They form part of those resistless forces which will enter into our national life, which is the sum of all the forces at work to develop

our country ; and the future of that country depends very largely on that South. We can not measure the relative value of these forces. When Cæsar fell at the foot of Pompey's statue, when Rome was avenged on Arminius for "Varro's Legions," when William Wallace met a traitor's fate, when Charles the Second was recalled from exile, when Napoleon died at St. Helena, who could have foretold what history now narrates ?

It is, indeed, a surpassing future which tempts us to noble duties. No people ever was given such theater upon which to perform their part : A magnificent continent to be peopled ; and that with a race of educated and enlightened Christian freemen, whose destiny it is to give constitutional liberty to the world, and whose duty it is to be fit for such high destiny. "Give constitutional liberty to the world," how much is included in those simple words !

Midway between Europe and the continents where the colored races have had the centuries for their development, with a language that is fit vehicle for immortal aspirations and eternal hopes, with the pervasive spirit of orderly liberty, with the irresistible power of a divine religion, our mission is full of ineffable glory.

There need be no other limit to growth than that set by justice to our neighbor and the duties to humanity. Every field of greatness opens before us, and all good and noble enterprises beckon us to intenser labors. Sorrows and sacrifices, errors and follies, "the brutalities and ferocities of progress," perhaps bloodshed and crime, may be part of the future ; this has always been, this is but the lot of mankind. But in spite of these the advancing day grows brighter, the climbing sun shines more radiantly, the horizon widens before our entranced vision, and we press on with unfaltering heart into that future which lies before us.

At the foot of this stately monument of granite, this stone hewn from the mountains of Maine, now planted in the heart of Kentucky in honor of soldiers from States so distant as Texas, we pray God to grant that in that ceaseless contest our children may be as heroic, as enduring, as pure as these unknown dead ; ready to live for the right, willing if need be to die for the right, as God gives it to them to see the right.

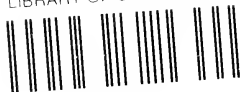
I crave pardon for a single personal allusion. Some of these dead were of "Woodward's Kentucky Cavalry," with which battalion I served in the same brigade from September, 1863, until the end of the war, and which from October, 1864, until May, 1865, served under my command.

Its commanders, Col. Woodward and Maj. Lewis, its officers and men, were therefore well known to me. It can not add to their reputation that I should praise them, but it is to me a sincere gratification to have opportunity to testify to my own appreciation of all soldiery qualities by declaring my love for and admiration of them. It was indeed a superb body of men, with a proud and glorious record. Trusted by Forrest, that Wizard of the Saddle, they were worthy of him and his confidence. I bow my uncovered head in reverent honor to the heroic dead of that beloved command, and with gratitude and friendship undiminished by the lapse of twenty-two years, I hail with proud comradeship its no less heroic living.

On this monument these heroes are called "unknown;" and is this so? In the twenty-five years since they were buried here, the evidence of their names have been lost, and to-day we know not by what names they were known. In that sense they are unknown; but their names are not lost. On the muster-rolls of their commands their honored names remain; on the hearts of those who loved them and mourned for them their precious names are engraven; on God's roll on high their immortal names are radiant. We can not repeat their names; we can honor their memories; we can reverence their deeds; we can emulate their virtues; we can commemorate their deaths.

On this gentle ascent stand, thou silent witness, and testify to all who come to this sacred place—here in the awful presence of the buried dead, in the tearful sight of the recurring visitations on the sad errand of burial, in the august presence of an ever-living God—that to lofty virtues, sanctified by death, and to noble hopes, purified by sorrows and sacrifice, there is an immortality of bliss.

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